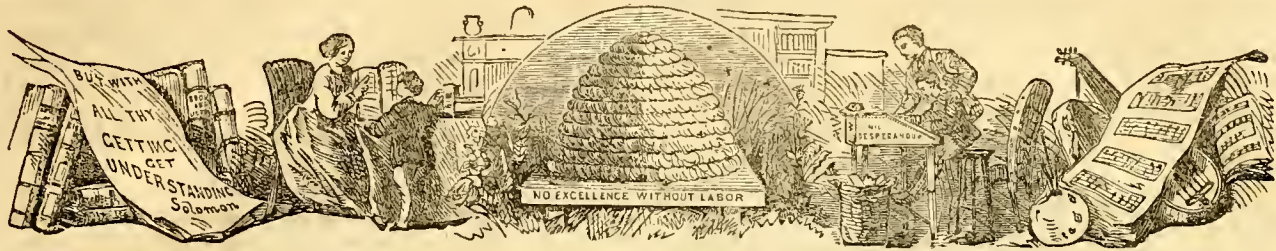


The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 4.

ABSALOM.—THE FRUITS OF REBELLION.

DAVID, King of Israel, had a number of sons. They were, doubtless, very fine looking men; for king David, himself, when young was ruddy, and of a beautiful countenance. But of all his sons Absalom was the most beautiful. It is said concerning him, that in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty; from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him. He had a magnificent head of hair, too, of which he was very proud. We think he must have been proud of it, for, when he cut his hair at the end of each year, he had the hair weighed. It weighed two hundred shekels. As near as we can learn, two hundred shekels would be about six pounds and a quarter of our weight. Eventually, his hair of which he was so vain, proved the means of his death.

It seems that Absalom was an ambitious man. His father David was king; but he was not content to let his father reign; he wanted to be king. He must have been an ungrateful, wicked man, or he never would have let such thoughts enter into his heart. A good, obedient son, would be glad to see his father have the confidence of the people, and reigning as king. Such a son would want his father to live, and he would do all in his power to increase his kingly dignity. Instead of doing so Absalom tried to steal the hearts of the people away from his father. When the men of Israel came to King David to get counsel and to have him decide their cases, Absalom would place himself where he could meet them. He would ask them where they were from and the nature of their cases. When they would tell him, his reply was: "Thy matters are good and right; but the king has not given any man authority to hear thee." He would also add: "Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!" And when any man came and bowed before him and did him honor because he was the king's son, he would embrace and kiss him. This was a very cunning

plan to injure his father's influence and to increase his own. The people thought him a very excellent young man; he was so amiable and had such kind manners! But it was the throne he was after, and not the welfare of the people.

He pursued this course until he concluded the people thought more of him than they did of his father. Making an excuse to get away from Jerusalem, he went to Hebron—the old capital of the nation. He sent his spies throughout the kingdom and was successful in getting a great number of the people to follow him. Thus he became a traitor to his father and his king.

When David heard of Absalom's rebellion, and that the hearts of the people were with him, he urged his servants to arise and flee from Jerusalem. He took the principal part of his household with him. Many of David's old friends joined him in this, his hour of affliction. Among the rest was one named Hushai, called the Archite. David told him that he would rather he would not go with him. But, said he to Hushai, "if thou return to the city, and say unto Absalom, I will be thy servant, O king, as I have been thy father's servant hitherto, so will I now also be thy servant; then mayest thou for me defeat the counsel of Ahithophel."



This Ahithophel, had been King David's counselor. Absalom had sent for him and he had joined in the rebellion. He was a very wise man in counsel. It is said of him that his counsel which he gave to King David, and also to Absalom, was "as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God."

When Hushai came to Absalom, he wanted to know why he had not gone with his father, who was his friend. But Hushai quieted his suspicions and satisfied him.

Absalom soon wanted counsel, so he asked them to say what they should do. Among other things Ahithophel proposed that Absalom should let him choose ten thousand men, and he would start after David that night. He argued that he could

come upon him when he would be weary and weak-handed, and the people would flee; he would kill David and he would bring back all the people to Absalom. This counsel pleased Absalom and the leading men who were with him. But Absalom thought he would like to hear what Hushai would say about it. So Hushai came. When he heard what counsel Ahithophel had given, he saw that if it was followed, it would bring destruction upon David. He said it was not good counsel. He advised Absalom to stop and gather all Israel together from Dan to Beersheba, and then to go himself out at their head in pursuit of David. When Absalom and the people heard this counsel, they liked it better than Ahithophel's. "For the Lord had appointed to defeat the good counsel of Ahithophel, to the intent that the Lord might bring evil upon Absalom." Ahithophel felt so bad, when he saw his counsel was not followed, that he went home and hanged himself.

Hushai sent word to David respecting the counsel that had been given, and also what Absalom intended to do. This gave David time to prepare and to organize his forces. He appointed captains of hundreds and captains of thousands, and he divided his army into three, and placed three generals in charge. He wanted to go with them himself; but the people would not consent; they insisted that he should keep out of the battle.

The fight was a desperate one; but David's army was victorious. Absalom rode off from the battle on a mule. It is likely he rode away in a hurry, for, as he went under the boughs of a great oak, his head caught in the tree and his mule ran from under him, and left him hanging there. If you look at the engraving, you will see him hanging in the tree, and the mule running away. In the foreground there is a man lying on the ground, who was killed, doubtless, in the battle. In the distance, to the left, there is a man with a spear, apparently riding in pursuit of Absalom.

What a bad position is Absalom's? His heavy head of hair, of which he was so proud, was not an advantage to him in the end. One of the men who saw him hanging in the oak, told Joab, the principal general of David's army, about it; and Joab took three darts and thrust them through Absalom's heart. Thus perished this rebellious and ungrateful son.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Taken from a little work—THE ROCKET—published by the American Tract Society.

THE TWO CITIES TRYING AGAIN—BUGBEARS.

THE proposed route had to cross an ugly quagmire, several miles in extent, called Chat Moss, a very shaky piece of land, no doubt; and here the opposition took a strong stand. "No engineer in his senses," cried one, "would think of going through Chat Moss. No carriage could stand on the Moss short of the bottom."

"It is absurd to hold out the notion that locomotives can travel twice as fast as stagecoaches," says another; "one might as soon trust himself to a rocket, as to the mercy of a machine going at that rate."

"Carriages cannot go at anything like that speed," added another; "if driven to it, the wheels would only spin on their axles like a top, and the carriages would stand stock-still!"

So much for learned arguments against it.

Then came the dangers of it. The dumb animals would never recover from the sight of a locomotive; cows would not give their milk; cattle could not graze, or horses be driven along the track, cried the opposition.

"As to that," said Stephenson, "come to Killingworth and see. More quiet and sensible beasts cannot be found in the kingdom. The farmers there never complain."

"Well," asked one of them, "suppose, now, one of those engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine, would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?"

"Yes," answered Stephenson, with a droll twinkle in his eye, "very awkward indeed—for the cool!"

The fellow, as you may suppose, backed off.

The danger in other respects was thus dwelt on: "In addition to the smoke and the noise, the hiss and the whirl, which locomotive engines make, going at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, and filling the cattle with dismay, what," asked an honorable member, "is to be done with all those who have advanced money in making and mending turnpikes? What with those who may still wish to travel in their own or hired carriages, after the fashion of their forefathers? What is to become of coach-makers and harness-makers, coach-masters and workmen, innkeepers, horse-breeders, and horse-dealers? Iron would be raised one hundred per cent., or more probably exhausted altogether! The price of coal would be ruinous. Why, a railroad would be the greatest nuisance, the biggest disturbance of quiet and comfort, in all parts of the kingdom, that the ingenuity of man could invent."

Not content with belittling his engine, they could not stop short of abusing Stephenson himself. "He is more fit for Bedlam than anywhere else," they cried; "he never had a plan, he is not capable of making one. Whenever a difficulty is pressed, as in the case of a tunnel, he gets out of it at one end; and when you try to catch him at that, he gets out at the other."

"We protest," they said, "against a measure supported by such evidence and founded upon such calculations. We protest against the Exchange of Liverpool striding across the land of this country. It is despotism itself."

What had the friends of locomotive power to say?

"We beseech you," they pleaded to the committee, "not to crush it in its infancy. Let not this country have the disgrace of putting a stop to that which, if cherished, may in the end prove of the greatest advantage to our trade and commerce. We appeal to you in the name of the two largest towns in England; we appeal to you in the name of the country at large; and we implore you not to blast the hopes that this powerful agent, steam, may be called in aid for the purpose of land communication; only let it have a fair trial, and these little objections and private prejudices will be done away."

Flaws were picked in the surveys, and the estimate of costs based on them. The surveys, quite likely, were imperfect; indeed, how could they be otherwise, when every mile of the line had to be done at the risk of their necks?

The battle lasted two months, and a very exciting one it was. It was skillfully and powerfully carried on. Who beat?

The opposition. The bill was lost.

Matters looked dark enough. Judging from appearances the enterprise was laid on the shelf, and the day of railways long put off. As for poor Stephenson, his short day of favor seemed about gone. His being called a madman, and regarded as a fool, as he had been by the opposition, was not without its effect upon his newly-made friends. Their faith in him sensibly cooled. But he did not lose faith in himself, not he. He had waited long for the triumph of his engine, and he could wait longer. A great blessing to the nation was locked up in it, he well knew, and the nation would have it sometime, in spite of everything.

Was the enterprise a second time to be abandoned? No, no.

Taking breath, its friends again started on their feet. Never give up, was their motto, for they were in earnest. They rallied, and met in London to consult what to do next.

Mr. Huskisson, a member of Parliament for Liverpool, came into the meeting and urged them to try again—to try at the next session of Parliament.

"Parliament must, in the end, grant you an act," he said, "if you are determined to have it." And try they determined to, for a horse railroad at least.

For this purpose another and more careful survey had to be made.

Stephenson was left out. A known man must be had. They meant to get surveyors and engineers with well established reputations to back them up. Stephenson was too little known. He had no fame beyond a little circle in one corner of the kingdom. How did he feel to be thus thrown in the back ground? George was not a man to grumble; he was too noble to complain. In fact, you see, he was ahead of the times; too far ahead to be understood and appreciated. He could afford to wait.

Two brothers by the name of Rennie were appointed in his stead. In time the new survey was finished; the plans drawn, and the expense reckoned up. Changes were made in the route. Ill-tempered land owners were left one side, and every ground of complaint avoided that could be.

The new bill was then carried to Parliament, and went before the committee in March the next year. The opposition was strong indeed, but less furious. Much of its bitterness was gone. It made a great show of fears, which the advocates of the bill felt it was not worth while to waste words in answering. They left it to the road to answer them. Build it, and see.

Mr. Huskisson and others supported it in a strong and manly tone; and after a third reading, the bill passed in the House of Commons. So far, so good. It then had to go to the House of Lords. What would befall it there? The same array of evidence on both sides was put forward. The poor locomotive engine, which had proved such a bugbear in the House of Commons, was regarded as quite a harmless affair by most of the lords; and the opposition made such poor work in showing of its dangers, that no plea in its behalf was called for. They were satisfied, they said, and the bill passed almost unanimously. Victory! Victory!

The victory cost more than one hundred thousand dollars! For a first cost it looked large. But nothing worth doing can be done without effort, and effort made on faith. Nothing done, nothing have.

To be Continued.

WHO ARE THE BEST BOYS.—A gentleman a few weeks since, advertized for a boy to assist in a warehouse, go errands, etc. But a few hours after the morning papers had published that such a boy was wanted, we are informed that the gentleman's counting room was thronged with applicants for the situation. The advertiser, at a loss to decide among so many, concluded to dismiss them all, and adopt an expedient which he thought might reduce the number, and aid him in the difficult decision.

On the morning following an advertisement appeared in the papers to this effect: "Wanted to assist in a warehouse, a boy who obeys his mother." Now, my little friends, how many boys, think you, inquired for the situation after this advertisement appeared? If I have been rightly informed, among all the lads who were wanting the means of earning a living, or getting a knowledge of business, there were but two who could come fearlessly forward, and say, "I obey my mother."

Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT XVIII.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

ELDER R. felt very happy to hear papa say: "I wish to be baptized;" for he took quite an interest in this amiable family. There was a font in one corner of the hall which was covered over when not used. To this Elder R. directed his attention, and arranged to baptize him the next evening.

The family returned home very well satisfied with the instructions of the evening. Papa told mamma that he intended to be baptized the ensuing evening. "I am very glad to hear it," said mamma, "for I have for some time wished to be baptized and I will accompany you."

The next evening they went down to the hall and found Elder R. awaiting them. He introduced them to an amiable woman, the wife of the elder who had charge of the hall. They found every convenience, with dressing rooms where they disrobed and prepared for baptism. There was a square, spacious font with steps going down into the water. Elder R. led papa first down into the water, and calling him by name, said, "having authority from the Lord Jesus Christ, I baptize you for the remission of your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" he then immersed him, that is, buried him beneath the water. Mamma then stepped boldly down the steps into the water and was baptized in like manner.

In the false churches of so-called Christendom they take little children and sprinkle a little water in their faces, and call this baptism, and say it is "an outward spiritual form of an inward spiritual grace." This is the result of the apostacy or falling away from the truths of Jesus, the result of the loss of the Priesthood, and the fulfilment of the prophecy of Paul, written in his sacred epistle to the Thessalonians, Chap. II; "Now we beseech you brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come *except there come a falling away first.*"

Papa and mamma returned home feeling very peaceful and happy, and that night, before retiring to rest, papa prayed with much fervor that they might keep the covenant they had made to serve God and keep his commandments. I should have told you that Elder R., before taking them down into the water, asked them if they would serve God and strive to keep his commandments. The following Sabbath, after dinner, they again went to the hall, and, previous to taking the sacrament, the presiding elder called them forward, and he and other elders laid their hands upon their heads and confirmed them, prophesying upon them and blessing them with the gift and power of the Holy Ghost. They then, for the first time in their lives, partook of the bread and wine in commemoration of the death and sufferings of Jesus Christ.

After the meeting Elder R. accompanied them home, and as they were at supper, Papa asked him if it was not right to gather to America. "Yes," replied Elder R., "as soon as you can obtain means to go, start and go right through to the Rocky Mountains, for there is where the Lord has appointed for the gathering of his people."

(To be Continued.)

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON. : EDITOR.

FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

CHILDHOOD and youth are the best seasons in life to study. The mind is then free from care, and the memory is not burdened with business. Young people, who turn their attention to study, can easily learn and recollect what they read or what is taught to them. The mind is bright and active, and does not readily part with any knowledge that is imparted unto it. If you converse with aged persons, you can prove this. You will find that they can recollect the events of their childhood and youth without any difficulty. Their memories will recall conversations that occurred, probably seventy years previously; but the things which happened a few years before they can not remember.

For this reason the hours of youth are precious. Their moments are golden. They should not be idly spent. Still it would not be wise for boys and girls to do nothing else but study. Such a course would be very likely to injure them. They should have time to play and amuse themselves. If any of our little readers have a good bow, they do not always keep it bent. When they have done using it, and before putting it away, they unloose the string. If they did not, it would soon lose its strength and spring, and they could not shoot with it. It is just so with the mind. It cannot always be kept bent or on the strain, without being injured. Therefore, amusement and play are necessary to keep it strong and full of vigor. But too much amusement, is also an evil. The mind is injured by it, and it becomes feeble. Children need time to study, and time to play. When they study, they should work hard. Then when they play they should dismiss their studies from their minds and let their thoughts be upon what then engages their attention. So, also, when they return to their studies, their minds should not be filled with thoughts of their play; but be upon their books.

Children, you have excellent opportunities now of obtaining learning. Put them to a good use. Learn all you can while you are young and have the time to study. Read good books, and read them with care. By so doing, what you read will be fastened upon your memories and be of use to you. You will soon grow up to be young men and women. Then, if you have been careless, you will feel the loss of learning, and you will wish that you had paid attention to it when you were children.

WHEN the Emperor Vespasian commanded a Roman senator to give his voice against the interests of the people, threatening him with immediate death if he refused; the noble Roman answered with a smile, "Did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is at my own disposal, my life at yours; do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death than you in all your laurels."

CATECHISM

ON THE HISTORY OF THE INDIANS.

Republished from No. 2. with their answers:—

1. From whom have the American Indians descended?
Lehi.
2. Was he a good man and a Prophet?
Yes.
3. In what city did he live?
Jerusalem.
4. What is that country called which contains Jerusalem?
Palestine.
5. What name was it known by in the days of Lehi?
Judea.
6. Who was king of Jerusalem and Judea at this time?
Zedekiah.
7. Was he a good or a wicked king?
Wicked.
8. What was the general character of the Jews at this time?
Very bad.
9. Did Lehi leave Jerusalem?
Yes.
10. Who told him to do so?
The Lord.
11. In what manner did the Lord first appear and speak to Lehi?
As a pillar of fire.
12. Did he see angels afterwards?
Yes.
13. Was he told that Jerusalem should be destroyed?
Yes.
14. For what reason?
The wickedness of its inhabitants.
15. How many sons had Lehi at this time?
Four.
16. Were they all good?
No.

George E. Emery forwarded us correct answers to the above questions.

CATECHISM

FOR OUR JUVENILES TO ANSWER.

111. Who of the Prophet Joseph's relatives abused him and offered him personal violence?
112. What peculiarity was manifest in Joseph's letter to him, when he requested to have his apostleship taken from him?
113. During what winter did Joseph and the leading elders study Hebrew?
114. What was manifest soon after this among many of the elders?
115. When did Joseph and his counselors first meet in the Kirtland Temple, to attend to the ordinances of washing and anointing?
116. What were opened to them during the meeting?
117. When was the house of the Lord in Kirtland dedicated?
118. What holy ordinance was attended to on the Wednesday following?
119. What was the result of the endowment which the elders there received?
120. What glorious things were revealed to Joseph on the Sunday following?

LITTLE Stella had been sitting for some time very quietly by her aunt, when suddenly looking up, she remarked, "Aunt, if all the folks in the world should think out loud, what a racket there would be!"

"If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself," was the wise remark of an old philosopher.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

DO YOU EVER TELL STORIES?

I MEAN naughty stories—lies. If you do I am sorry for you, and I am sorry for your parents. You cannot know, now, how grieved and unhappy it makes them feel when they find their little boys and girls trying to deceive them. But if you do not always speak the truth to your parents, your children, when you have them, will be very likely to do the same to you, then you will know how grievous it is to be deceived by those you so dearly love. But your parents and earthly friends are not the only ones who feel sad when you tell lies. Your Father in heaven loves you very much, and wishes to see you so truthful that he can believe all you say and place confidence in you. But if you tell stories, you grieve His Holy Spirit and it goes away from you, and then bad spirits come and take possession of you, and cause you to feel unhappy, and to say and do many wicked things; and, if you do not repent, you would grow up very bad men and women, and you could never go where God and Jesus live. You will feel very much ashamed and very sorry, when you grow older, to think that you were ever so mean and cowardly and wicked as to tell lies. Besides, when people find you out in a lie once, they do not know when to believe you, even when you do speak the truth, and it takes a long while before they can place confidence in you again.

If any of you have been guilty of this great sin, I would advise you to go and tell your parents all about it, and tell the Lord too, and ask them to forgive you, and also ask God to give you the Spirit of truth, that you may always love and speak the truth in future.

W. H. S.

FORGOT TO LOOK UP.—I have somewhere seen the story of a man who went one evening to steal corn from his neighbor's field. He took his little boy with him to sit on the fence and keep a look-out, so as to give warning in case any one should come along. The man jumped over the fence with a large bag on his arm, and before commencing to take the corn, he looked all around, first one way and then the other, and not seeing any person, he was just about to fill his bag. Then the little fellow, his son—a good little fellow he was, too, cried out:

"Father, there is one way you haven't looked yet!" The father was startled, and supposed that some one was coming. He asked his son which way he meant. "Why," said the little boy, "you forgot to look up!"

The father was conscience-stricken; he came back over the fence, took his little boy by the hand, and hurried home without the corn which he had designed to take. The little boy had reminded him that the eyes of God were upon him. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good."

WHATEVER you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is driven to work cares little how poorly it is done. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

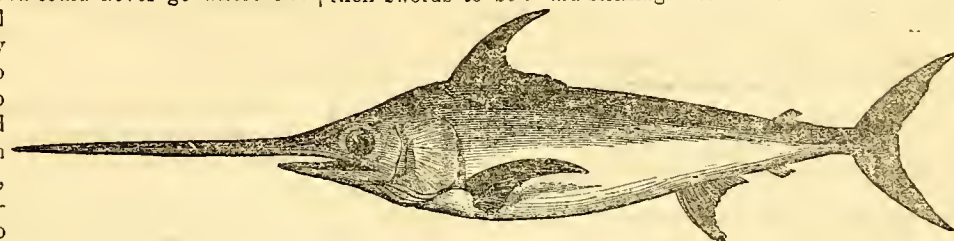
A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE SWORD FISH.

BELOW we have a picture of one of the varied creations of God. A fish so strangely made that it has a mouth without teeth, but, in their place, is armed with a sword or lance of such great strength and sharpness that it will, without fear, attack the monstrous whale. In fact, it seems as though nature had endowed it with a never-ceasing hatred to that giant of the waters, which leads it to be for ever seeking to destroy its huge enemy. Why it is so we cannot say; but hundreds of sailors assert that they have seen these creatures attack the whale, whose vast size rendered it an easy mark for the sword to be plunged into, and prevented it from resisting its much smaller and more nimble foes, the Sword fish being one of the swiftest swimmers among the fishes.

So ferocious are these fishes that they will often run their swords into the sides and bottoms of ships. Perhaps they fancy the ships are whales. It is no very uncommon thing for their swords to be found sticking into the bottoms of vessels



which are under repair after a long voyage. A story is told of one that ran its sword into the British ship *Leopard*, on the coast of Guinea in Africa. The sword had gone through one inch of sheathing, next through a three inch plank, and beyond that four inches and a half into the firm timber. Some of the workmen employed to repair the ship calculated it would take nine strokes of a hammer, weighing twenty-five pounds, to drive an iron bolt of the same size and form to the same depth into the same hull; yet this was done by one single thrust.

Though so dreaded an enemy to the great whale, the Sword-fish falls a victim to a much smaller creature than itself. A little shell fish fastens on its side and eats into its body until it is destroyed. It is also caught in great numbers by the fishermen of Sicily; as the inhabitants of that island esteem it for food, either fresh or when salted.

The Mediterranean Sea, which lies between Europe and Africa, is the favorite home of this fish. Here it chases the shoals of Tunny fish, transfixing them with its sharp sword. To them it is what a wolf is to a flock of sheep. It is also found in the Atlantic Ocean along the western shores of Europe and Africa, from the Baltic sea to the Cape of Good Hope. It has been also caught, though rarely, in the Pacific Ocean.

There are two kinds of this fish: the common one, which we have tried to describe, and another and larger species found in the Indian Ocean. The common sort measures about twenty feet, of which its sword, its powerful weapon of attack and defence, measures about one third.

G. R.

BEG, BORROW, OR STEAL.—"I wish I could beg, borrow, or steal some money," said an idle boy. To beg he ought to be ashamed; to borrow he ought to be afraid; to steal he ought never even to think of. Stealing should never cross your mind. The best way, and only true way is to earn. Begging, borrowing, and stealing, are Satan's work, which he is very apt to give idle hands to do. But it is poor pay. None ever found themselves in the end any better off from following his advice; only worse off, a hundred times. Employ your hands in honest and useful work, and you will find your reward, both in this world and that which is to come.

Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

COLLEGE OF HEAVEN.

SONG FOR THE 13TH WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

TUNE.—“*Come, let us be happy together.*”

We are blest:—We are Sunday-school scholars;
And schools are now open for all
Of the young who are seeking for knowledge—
There's room for the large and the small.
The truths we are taught in our childhood,
Are treasures more precious than gold;
And all who would gain them, may freely obtain them,
And truth will not fade and grow cold.

CHORUS.

Three cheers, for our Sunday-school teachers:
To our God, shall hosannas be sung:
Hurra, for our Sunday-school union:
‘Tis the college of heav’n for the young.

There's a foe that we all have to conquer—
A foe that would fetter and bind,
And confine in his dark, dreary prison,
That beautiful jewel, the mind.
Old ignorance he is the tyrant—
He makes our minds little and low;
But they will grow bigger and bigger, when we pull the
trigger
Of study, and battle the foe.

CHORUS.

We must all grasp and cling to our studies,
And don the rich armor of thought;
And must never, for once feel discouraged;
And never too proud to be taught.
We can conquer the tyrant with learning:
If each, with a firm, honest heart,
Will join in the battle, we'll make his chains rattle,
And ignorance soon will depart.

CHORUS.

E. R. S.

Little George.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

PRAYER.

A TRUE STORY.

[SECOND PART.]

AT six o'clock the family went to chapel, little George holding to his mistress' hand, and he sat beside her in the pew. He did not wish to be seen by anybody, for fear he would be known as the little boy who had disturbed the meeting in the morning.

During the preaching George fell asleep. He was overcome with the heat of the chapel, which was lighted up with gas, and with having to sit so still in one place; besides, he was tired with the exciting incidents of the day.

When the preaching and singing were over, little George was woke up by his kind mistress, who had let him lay his head on her lap while he was sleeping. When he had fairly woke up he said:

“Are you going home now?”

“No, not until the prayer-meeting is over.”

Many of the people who were in the chapel during the preaching went home; and the rest came into the body of the chapel to attend the prayer-meeting.

Little George noticed, for the first time, in the front of the pulpit a space fenced off, with a nicely painted and polished banister, and it had all round it on the outside a low step which was cushioned with a red cushion. The minister who had been preaching during the day's services came out of a door on one side of the pulpit, and passed through a little gate in the banister, and stood inside of it when the singing commenced. It was a call upon sinners present to come to Jesus.

The singing attracted little George's attention, for he was now quite wide awake and keen to observe everything that was passing around him. The words and tune of the song never afterwards escaped his memory. I will write the words that were sung, while I am, at the same time, singing the tune in my own mind.

It ran thus:

“Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now;

Just now come to Jesus;

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus,

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus, just now,

Just now, just now, come to Jesus,

Come to Jesus just now.”

After singing this over and over again, the man behind the banister knelt down and commenced to pray. While he was praying, one shouted “glory, glory to God;” another shouted “Amen, Amen;” another shouted “Come Lord, send thy power down upon us;” another shouted, “O Lord, save sinners just now;” and one man near to where George was sitting shouted at the top of his voice, “O Lord, let there be a mighty shaking to-night among the dry bones.” All these sayings and doings the simple-hearted boy did not understand, but while it was all mystery for him, it was so much for him to wonder at.

He had been taught by his mother when he lived with her and his little sister, that people should pray to God, and that Jesus Christ was his Savior, and that they both lived in heaven, which was up among the stars a long way off. He knew that the Ranters were praying to God, but when they told sinners to come to Jesus, and kneel at the foot of the cross, and touch the hem of His garment, and all that kind of thing, he could not understand it, for he could not see any Jesus to come to, nor any cross to kneel at the foot of, nor any garment to touch the hem of.

After the minister had done praying he invited all who wished to find the Lord, and get their souls set at liberty to walk up to the banister. Several men and women walked up and knelt on the red cushion, when a man, right in front of where little George was sitting, shouted out at the top of his voice, “thank God, more souls for the land of Canaan.”

The singing again commenced which went in this way:

“Send thy power, send thy power, send thy power just now,

Just now send thy power,

Send thy power, send thy power, send thy power, send thy power;

Send thy power, send thy power, send thy power just now,

Just now, just now, send thy power;

Send thy power just now.”

While this was being sung several men with white handker-

chiefs around their necks, and no shirt collars, with their hair combed straight down exactly to the middle of their foreheads, gathered around the men and women who were kneeling on the red cushion at the banister. One of them began to pray, and then the rest of them began to talk to the men and women at the banister, and the minister inside of it told them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and they should be saved; and they made a great ado. Some of the sinners who were seeking the Lord at the banister began to pray, and the men in the white handkerchiefs shouted "glory, hallelujah," and moved about until they were all mixed up together, so much so that little George could hardly tell the one from the other, and everybody was praying all through the chapel, some shouting one thing, and some another. And there were men with white handkerchiefs hunting sinners all among the pews and benches to bring them to Jesus, until George did not know but that some awful thing was going to happen, for in all the fights and rows that he had seen in the streets of the big city, he had never seen so much confusion as he saw at that Ranter's prayer meeting.

After laboring some time with the sinners seeking the Lord at the banister, the minister inside of it all at once informed the congregation that three, I think it was, more souls had found the Lord, had received the forgiveness of their sins, and their garments were washed clean in the blood of the Lamb. These were strange sayings to the ignorant boy, for he had not seen any lamb nor any blood, nor any washing going on, and he thought that the clothes of the men and women at the banister were just about the same color as they were before.

The persons who were converted now went to their seats, some weeping and some blowing their noses and wiping away the sweat and tears from their faces; but there was one man yet remaining at the banister who had not got converted. The minister and the other gentlemen with white handkerchiefs gathered around him, feeling determined that he should find Jesus before he left, so they commenced to sing.

"Send thy power, down upon him, down upon him, just now,

Just now, down upon him,

Down upon him, down upon him, down upon him, down upon him,

Down upon him, down upon him, down upon him just now,

Just now, just now, down upon him,

Down upon him, just now."

They then prayed with him and made a great effort to bring peace to his soul. After a while they said he had found the Lord.

The meeting now came to a close, and little George returned home with his kind mistress, and was soon fast asleep in his little bed in the room containing the shoe-maker's benches and tools.

I cannot at this time tell you the right way for sinners to come to Christ; but when I write again I will do so, for the Ranters and other religious sects, except the Latter-day Saints, know not how to lead men and women to Christ.

UNCLE GEORGE.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

PARENTS, never, while under the sway of passion, correct your children. Their minds are pliant, and as the twig upon the tree, by continued bending, is shaped into its after growth, so their susceptible natures can, by harsh and unparent-like treatment, be made wayward, and too often receive a lasting injury. Gentle reasoning will, in nine cases out of ten, effect what iron rule can never accomplish. In children, the talent is like a tender plant, easily overshadowed by rank

weeds; but if the ground is carefully cleared and watched, the tender shoot is strengthened and soon outstrips the assailing danger. Ere long their minds assume a cast, which may, when formed, bid the whirlwind spend its fury; they are safe against its fury.

Salt Lake City, January 29th, 1868.

JNO. W.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



OUR little readers will recollect that in the last number we wrote about the arrival in England of all of the Apostles who went to that country to labor. We must now return to Nauvoo, or as it was then called Commerce, again, and continue our biography of Joseph. You can imagine how busy he must have been. All the labors connected with a new settlement had to be attended to; and the people were very poor, and much sickness prevailed. Yet he encouraged, directed and counseled them. He spared no pains to do them all the good he could, and to be a father to them. The instructions which he gave during those days were exceedingly rich and precious. Some portions of what he said are preserved in his history. Twenty-eight years have passed since they were given; but they are still interesting, and every Saint who reads them must do so with profit and delight. The wisdom and inspiration of the Almighty are visible in every line.

On Saturday, October 5th, 1839, a general conference of the Church met at Commerce. Joseph was appointed President of the conference. He asked the brethren present for their views respecting making the place they then were in a Stake of Zion. He himself thought it a suitable place. It was unanimously agreed upon that it should be appointed a Stake and a place of gathering for the Saints. William Marks was appointed President of the Stake. There were three Bishops appointed to act; namely, Bishops Edward Partridge, Newel K. Whitney and Vinson Knight. A High Council was also organized. A vote was also taken that a branch of the Church should be established on the other side of the river, at a place afterwards known as Nashville, Iowa Territory. Elder John Smith, Brother Geo. A. Smith's father, was appointed President of the Branch, and a High Council was also selected to act there. A number of brethren were chosen to be elders in the Church. The Conference appointed Judge Elias Higbee to accompany Joseph and Sidney Rigdon to the city of Washington. This was for the purpose of laying the grievances which the Saints had endured in Missouri before the Congress of the United States. The Conference adjourned on the 7th.

On the 29th of October, Joseph and the other brethren started, accompanied by Brother O. Porter Rockwell, for Washington. Before reaching Springfield, they found Doctor Robert D. Foster, and as Sidney Rigdon's health was poor, he accompanied them on their journey. At Springfield Joseph preached several times. From here they continued their journey in their carriage; but the roads were so bad and Sidney Rigdon's health was so poor, they could not travel very fast. Joseph felt that

he ought to be in Washington. So, on the 18th of November, he and Judge Higbee left the others to come on at their leisure, and started by the quickest route for Washington.

After they had left Brothers Rockwell, Rigdon and Foster, and while they were on the mountains some distance from Washington, the driver of the stage they were in stepped into a public house to get some liquor. While he was gone, the horses took flight, and ran down the hill at full speed. There were a number of passengers on board the coach, and they became very excited. Joseph did all he could to calm them, and to have them keep their seats; but he had to hold one woman to keep her from throwing her infant out of the coach. As soon as he could do so, Joseph opened the door of the coach, and, securing his hold on the side the best way he could, he succeeded in getting into the driver's seat. He then got hold of the reins, and was soon able to check the horses. They ran some two or three miles, but the coach, horses and passengers all escape without injury. The passengers were loud in their praises of his doing. They thought his conduct most heroic, and, when they found the horses quiet and themselves safe, their gratitude was unbounded. There were some members of Congress in the stage, and they thought there should be some public mention made of the daring deed, and they proposed naming it to Congress. But upon inquiring of Joseph what his name was, to mention as the author of their safety, they found their deliverer was Joseph Smith, the "Mormon Prophet," as they called him. The mere mention of the name was sufficient for them. Their manner underwent a great change, and Joseph heard no more of their praise, gratitude or reward.

On the 25th of November, 1839, he and Judge Higbee arrived at Washington.

Correspondence.

BEAVER, U. T. January 25th, 1868.

Dear Brother Cannon.—The taste which some of our young people have for novel reading, has induced me to forward the inclosed slip, which if you think worth a place in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, might prove or serve as a warning to, at least, some parents as well as children. It has seemed to me for many years that next to teaching our children the principles of the gospel, the furnishing of them with proper reading matter is the most important. In this connection I will remark that in my humble opinion no family should be without that invaluable little sheet the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Your Brother, DANIEL TYLER.

SINGULAR SUICIDE—A MAN RUINED BY NOVELS.

J. B. White, a young man about twenty-two years of age, committed suicide at the Bates House, Indianapolis, on Sunday by taking morphine. He was from Owensburg, Kentucky, and lent a letter to a brother residing in Indianapolis, in which, together with directions for his funeral, he said:

I believe, with due respect for the memory of our mother, that I have inherited this desire for death from her, for you know that she attempted suicide on one occasion at least. I believe in the old maxim that the sins of the parents are visited on the children. I would give a great deal to see you, Carrie and Mance, but I know you would want to know why I was here, and I don't know what I could tell you that you would believe. I believe, brother, that if I had never read a novel that I should be on the high road to fame and fortune; but, alas! I was allowed to read the vilest kind of novels when I was eight or nine years old. I always loved to read, and before I ever saw a novel I had read what few books there were at home. If good books had been furnished me and no bad ones, I should have read them with as great zest as I did the bad ones. Brother, persuade all persons over whom you have any influence, not to read novels.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

ECHOES.—Bells are a kind of echo to repeat the thoughts of our hearts. We can make them say whatever we are thinking about. There is an old story told of a poor boy who once went to London to find employment; but, becoming discouraged at the poor prospect, he determined to leave the city and go where there were fewer people. But as he was leaving the city some bells began to ring, and they said, "Return, and you shall be Lord Mayor of London town." He obeyed the command, which was only an echo of his own thoughts, and finally he became what the bells said he should.

I once knew a little boy who was cured of some bad faults in the same way. He had been indolent and troublesome at school, and after talking to him firmly, but kindly, his teacher said, "Charlie, you are a lazy boy; you must try to do better, or you will never be worth anything." The remark made a deep impression, and he could think of nothing else on his way home. Some bells began to ring, and they only said the same thing: "Charlie; you are a la—zy boy!" Over and over the words were repeated, till Charlie's tears began to flow, and he said, "Well, I will not have everybody and everything telling me that I am lazy!" And he tried so hard, that he *did* succeed in conquering his faults. And thus the bells cured Charlie.—*Selected.*

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY JAMES E. SHELLEY.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 7, 9, 8, 6, is a kind of grain.

My 8, 5, 4, is a number.

My 1, 2, 3, 8, is a herb that grows wild.

My whole is a state in the Union.

THE answer to the Charade in No. 2, is CHRISTMAS. We received correct answers from E. Baddley, A. Long, Mary J. Baddley, G. B. Lang, M. Speers, M. Ashman, Frank Cannon, J. Bull jr., C. Denney, H. Brewer, W. Fowler, O. Whitney, J. S. Thornton, J. E. Shelley, E. B. Thornton, W. Hunter, J. R. McGaw, H. Hales, Martha J. Horne, Cornelia H. Horne.

A MAN feels relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work, and done his best; but what he has done, or said otherwise, shall give him no peace.

"It chills my heart to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;
Maintain your rank; vulgarity despise;
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise"

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